


LUCIFER.



THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. VII., No. 32.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUG. 20, E. M. 293. [C. E. 1903.]

WHOLE No 983

WHAT MATTERS THE PICTURE?

What matters the picture men paint of you
 What if your rectitude must bear a stamp of infamy?
 What if your more than rectitude becomes your utter condemnation?
 What if the sun of good-will rises over you no more?
 What if the evil clouds clear not away from your name?
 What if you remain among the forgotten troubles of the night—
 Even after the comrade day for which you labor shall appear?
 Even so, what matters the picture men paint of you?
 What has repute to do with life?
 You have lost nothing—
 Nothing but what any hands could snatch from you at any moment.
 Though helplessly and with dumb wonder you watched what
 you thought to be the structure of your life go down—
 the structure built through years of toil and pain, by the
 long discipline of will and the utmost output of love;
 Though you stood shelterless in the scorn that beat upon the
 ruin of your name and labor;
 Though you saw your destroyers turn your costliest sacrifices
 into weapons wherewith to slay you;
 Though you found your uttermost right made a thing of shame
 by the world for which you had died many times—
 Still you have lost nothing.
 It is only your name that is gone—not your life.
 Your life—that which you are—remains, and no man taketh it
 from you.
 Yea, life is at hand for the first time—
 Life resolved into its primal integrity;
 Life thrown back upon its elemental forces;
 Life driven to drink at its fountain;
 Life, and freedom to live it reverently at last.

—George D. Herron in Conservator.

The Soulful Woman and Stirpiculture.

I am a little shy about asking for space in *Lucifer* so soon again, though I have been tempted to do so since reading Lillie D. White's latest article in No. 981, entitled "Breeding Prize Animals." Amen and amen, say I to every word of Mrs. White's splendid defense of woman against the cold and heartless philosophy promulgated by Mr. R. B. Kerr. And don't let Mrs. White imagine that because no one gave evidence through the columns of *Lucifer* of having stolen her thunder (as she puts it) that every normal woman, at least, hadn't the same thunder locked securely in her own breast. One can only now and then give public utterance to the thoughts that fill one's mind, and the fact that Mr. Kerr's articles went unchallenged is no evidence that they were generally accepted. We women become used to reading any old stuff on the sex question, and instead of crying out in horror very often we simply indulge a horror thrill, step over the little mud puddles and pass on. I venture to say that among all the women readers of *Lucifer's* columns, not more than two or three, or a half-dozen at most, will be found har-

monizing with Mr. Kerr; and it isn't because women are fools either, but because they are creatures of soul perception and not easily deceived by the most elaborate philosophy, especially when that philosophy touches on matters that involve the ethical side of life. Where she is deceived in such a case it is because man's assumed wisdom makes her afraid to trust her own conclusions (which, I imagine, isn't often the case with *Lucifer* women), or, on the other hand, where through too much philosophizing and contemplating of so-called hard "facts," she has destroyed or blurred her native genius. This latter doesn't often happen in the case of women, and because it doesn't often happen I am perfectly safe in saying that the women adherents of Mr. Kerr's philosophy will be few and far between.

Mr. Kerr's conclusions are a perfect demonstration as to where the reasoning faculty, unaided or unenlightened by the illuminating power of the higher faculties, is capable of leading a man. It is a poor guide; indeed, lower reason can only touch the outer edge of matters at best. This is not simply the conclusion of a woman, but the verdict of physical scientists themselves. We can't touch the soul of things, they tell us; physical science has its limits. This is confession enough; it points unmistakably to a soul sense in man which is capable of leading him into this inner court, whence the physical senses cannot penetrate, since it isn't possible that man is left in outer darkness. This soul sense seems native to woman, or in her case seems quite well matured, while in man it is usually (not always) the faintest little spark, and needs to be developed. Realizing man's usual lack in this direction, it always seems useless to a woman to antagonize his statements; he isn't easily convinced, and so, as I have intimated, a woman usually listens to his wisdom, smiles to herself and keeps silent. But while silence is called golden, it isn't always so, and I am glad, glad indeed that Mrs. White has broken the present calm and voiced not only my own sentiments, but the sentiments of women in general. There are times in the discussion of these subjects when the soulful woman should speak her mind to the full. Her words are needed. To be sure, she is apt to be met with that old-time thrust which informs her that theology has so warped her judgment that she doesn't know truth when her brother deigns to uncover it for her. But she doesn't care for that. She knows she is just as susceptible to truth as another and she will occasionally speak her truth, knowing that her truth will be felt no matter how many charges are recorded against her.

I must not close without referring to Mr. Harman's editorial, printed some weeks ago, in which he claims the old idea of a double standard is necessary in regulating the sex lives of men and women. It seems too bad, but some woman ought to have called him down, since she knows he is all wrong and that his conclusions will never stand the test of time—nor the test of the present, for that matter.

CARRIE AUSTIN.

Love Is Not Enough.

Men have told us in varied bursts of rapturous confidence that Love is enough. Happy lovers, submerged for the time being in this dominant emotion, each fondly assure the other that he or she is "all the world" to her or him. As a figure of speech, aptly describing the depth of a feeling, it is true enough. As a continuing condition it is in his case not true, fortunately; and, in her case, true, most unfortunately. * * *

And why unfortunately?

Because one man—were he Adonis, Apollo, or Prince Perilina himself—is not the world; and it strains him to be used as such. * * *

Here is Mrs. Perlino, perfectly happy with her husband; loving him, admiring him, finding no fault with him as a husband; but when a husband is expected also to be a world he is open to criticism.

There are, of course, her children, perfectly satisfactory as children, but also subject to his unreasonable demand that they be the world to her.

There is the house, a good house, an extensive house, but only a crippled mouse or an unenterprising wood-tick could make a world of it. Yet husband, house, and children taken together, the husband bearing the brunt of it, are expected to meet this extortionate requisition to be "the world" to her.

She must satisfy through them every want of a highly developed human being, a social being; and she diligently tries to do it.

The house she rapidly and continually traverses, filling and overfilling it with all manner of things; arranging and rearranging them with tireless enthusiasm; soiling them and cleaning them in endless alternation—the systole and diastole of the domestic heart.

To the children she devotes herself with passion, a sleepless vigilance, an unrelaxing care. Well she knows that her status as a mother is measured by the intensity and continuity of her devotion—not at all by its results.

And the husband—the well-loved husband—if any want remains unsatisfied after the service of the house and the society of the children, he must fill it.

Every uneasy longing, every unsatisfied ambition, every craving for companionship, he must satisfy.

She, in spite of a full day of work and care, in spite of being tired, is not content.

Her occupations, her interests, her responsibilities, are deep, but not wide.

They are the first, the closest in life; but life has many more. The woman is satisfied with her husband as the man is satisfied with his wife. The mother is satisfied with her children as the father is satisfied with his. They both love and enjoy their home.

But just as the man, howsoever well pleased with his family and home, needs something more, so does the woman, equally well pleased, also need something more. Both are citizens of the world as well as members of the family, both need the larger general relations of life as well as the smaller personal ones. * * *

It is not true that Love "is of man's life a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence." It is nobody's whole existence. It is a vital part of everybody's existence, beautiful, natural, sweet, indispensable—but not all. Here we have a large common ground of explanation for much of the unhappiness in marriage so general in our life to-day; under which women suffer most, and for which men are most blamed. The woman suffers most in an unhappy marriage because she has no other life from which to draw strength and practical consolation. She may try to drown her trouble in religion—and religious monomania among home-bound women is painfully common—or she may seek consolation in "society," in excitement, and amusement.

But a man has his work to take pleasure in, to take pride in, to gratify ambition, to obtain profit, to fill out the varied wants and impulses of his nature. He has the world as well as the woman, and with them both gets on more comfortably. She has only the man. He is the world to her—or she thinks he is; and she makes him miserable as well as herself in trying to drag out of one never so worthy man the satisfaction which a human creature can only find in full human life. We shall have far happier marriages, happier homes, happier women, and happier men when both sexes realize that they are human, and that hu-

manity has far wider duties and desires than those of the domestic relations.

A wise fulfillment of these broader social relations will make a far more healthy and reasonable woman, and a healthy, reasonable woman will not expect of any man alive that he be to her lover, husband, friend, and world.—Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in the Independent.

An Object Lesson in Paternalism.

Editor of Lucifer: The following letter which has been sent to President Roosevelt explains itself:

"To Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: On July 28 I mailed a personal letter to Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, editor of Freedom, Seabreeze, Florida. To-day, August 3, that letter is returned to me, unopened, with the word 'Fraudulent' written in red ink across the face of it, and further stamped with the order 'Return to writer,' which the postmaster at Seabreeze could easily do, as my name and address were plainly written upon the envelope.

"As the head of the administration I appeal to you, to ask by what right the postal authorities at Washington presume to order the postmaster at Seabreeze or any other place to refuse to deliver letters which in themselves are not fraudulent nor do not otherwise conflict with postal regulations, and upon which full postage has been prepaid, to the parties to whom they are addressed?

"If Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post has violated postal regulations by using the mails for fraudulent purposes, why does not the department proceed against her in the usual manner, and arrest her, bring her to trial, and see that the usual penalty for such violation is administered, instead of taking such an unwarranted and unprecedented action as ordering the postmaster at Seabreeze not to deliver her mail to her?

"This latter action of Mr. Madden, or whoever is responsible for it, is a high-handed outrage and an infringement upon the personal rights, not only of Mrs. Post, but of every person in the United States who may have occasion to use the mails, which they should not submit to, and it is time the people of the country learned whether they have any rights which Washington officials are bound to respect.

"To this end, I address this letter to you, as it is within your jurisdiction to see that this malicious ruling of the Post-office Department at Washington is changed, or the one responsible for it is removed from office. By such an action upon your part the people will know that you do not personally endorse what has every appearance of a game of 'hold up' to compel the people to patronize private express companies at the expense of the government's postal system.

"It ill becomes the Postoffice Department at Washington to cry 'stop, thief!' at Mrs. Helen Wilmans Post, or any other individual, when so many men connected with that department have been shown to be so unquestionably corrupt as to make the whole administration a stench in the nostrils of every decent man and woman in the country and a reproach among the nations of the earth.

"I have sent my letter to Mrs. Post to the postmaster at Seabreeze, Florida, in its original wrapper, with the demand that it be delivered to Mrs. Post, as my letter is not fraudulent, and I have complied in every respect with the usual postal regulations, and do not recognize any right of authority upon the part of postoffice officials to refuse to deliver it.

"Trusting that this matter will receive your earliest personal attention, I am most respectfully yours,

"HULDA L. POTTER LOOMIS.

"Chicago, Ill."

There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say: the Haves and the Havenots, and she always stuck to the former.—Don Quixote.

Wanted—Addresses of thirty people who would appreciate a free trial subscription to Lucifer. An Eastern friend sends us \$3 to pay for trial subscriptions, and asks our friends to send us the names, as he is unable to do so. We hope to receive the addresses from readers of Lucifer, and in this way extend Lucifer's circulation.

"Doesn't Wish a Discussion."

To the Editor of Lucifer: In your issue of July 23 is a letter from an individual (crouching behind the nom de plume of "Tak Kak") who does "not wish to get into a discussion about vivisection and vaccination." He, however, does wish to have a number of crude statements pass with your readers for seasoned truth. I think I can draw a fairly accurate mental picture of this Solon, to whom protests against cruelty to animals suggest "moralistic gnashing of teeth"; and I fear it would not be complimentary, for his lack of ability to form a broad moral conception is equaled only by his lack of knowledge of his subject.

To cite, against the argument of one who opposes an abuse from the moral standpoint, the fact that he opposes it from the practical standpoint as well, is, I believe, a new method in logic. It is on a par, however, with the statement that the question of vaccination does "not enter" into that of vivisection. Any one who knows the tortures that calves experience in the vaccine establishments will understand the absurdity of that statement. Possibly "Tak Kak" has already experienced the pain of a vaccine sore; how would he enjoy the presence of 150 at the same time on his cuticle, which, after reaching a fine condition of sensitiveness, are "clamped, squeezed and scraped" (to use the technical expression) for an hour or so? I think he would then be willing to call the process "vivisection." Compulsory vaccination is, of course, human vivisection in one of its worse forms.

In answer to the query, "On what grounds do they deny to animals the justice they ask for themselves?" "Tak Kak" would magnanimously ask nothing more "difficult or provoking" than "How about the butcher shops?" etc. But let it not be supposed for a moment that "Tak Kak" would refrain from asking something more "difficult" if he could; the truth is that query of his is the limit of the argument of himself and his class on this question. I confess that the longer I live the more pity as well as contempt I feel for the mental make-up of those defenders of animal torture who boldly enter the disputative arena, and when they get there can only say, "You're another!"

Suppose the "moralistic man" is not "another." Suppose that it cannot be charged against him that he devours the bodies of his sentient fellow creatures, when the bloodless fruits of the earth will afford far better sustenance? Suppose his intentional violence is limited to self-defense (which surely is the right of all). What then? What would be the next "provoking" question? Some of the brightest minds of those who defend the "coward science" have long and vainly been hunting for that question; therefore it would be unreasonable to expect that it would be discovered by a mentality unable to comprehend the pertinence of discussing at the same time both the "moral" and the "scientific" phases of a question. Such discussion is, it seems to me, of the highest value, as tending to elucidate the great truth of the unity of all natural law—that morals are only a branch of "science," and that, as a consequence, morality can have no quarrel with any but a make-believe science.

"Tak Kak" wishes to separate entirely the question of the injustice done to the "sliced" frog from the surgical question. So did Dr. Doyen, as he inoculated his women patients with cancer; so did Drs. Menge and Schimmelsbuch as they implanted filthy diseases in the hospital poor; so did Schreiber, Wentworth and Stickler, as they experimented with infant life; so did Berkeley, as he poisoned the insane to see what would happen; so did Sanarelli on the Island of Flores, as with his yellow-fever poison he brought his pauper victims to the door of death; so have all the vivisectioners who have graduated from the preparatory animal school to the advanced school of human vivisection—they have all declared that the moral question was "totally extraneous to the surgical" one, which latter they have, with "Tak Kak," strenuously insisted should be the "original question." "Tak Kak" is to be congratulated on his company, among whom may be mentioned the famous Prof. E. E. Slosson, of the University of Wyoming, who told us in the New York Independent of Dec. 12, 1895, that "the aim of science is the advancement of human knowledge at any sacrifice of human life."

J. M. GREENE.

Corresponding Secretary Northeastern Anti-Vivisection Society,
1 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

With the arguments of Brother Greene I wish to have nothing to do or say, just now, but as to his language I wish to enter a mild but firm protest. As I see it, his argument is not strengthened but weakened, by the contemptuous manner in which he

treats the man who writes over the nom de plume of "Tak Kak." I do not say that "Tak Kak's" methods of putting his arguments, or the arguments themselves, were above criticism. What I do say is that, with the very best of feeling towards both writers, I must beg to be excused from publishing, unexpurgated, articles that deal so much in offensive personalities as the foregoing.

M. HARMAN.

The Problem of Future Generations.

To my mind Lillie D. White struck the nail on the head in "Breeding Prize Animals," in Lucifer, No. 981. It is a fact that the union of men and women is based upon the immediate gratification of sexual desire. In olden times, when it took an army of men and women to produce the necessities of life, because they had no other means but their hands, production of children was essential; but to-day, with the development of machinery, when the labor markets are overcrowded with the unemployed, production of children is not a profitable business. It is only in rare cases that children are desired.

To have children is painful, dangerous, expensive and troublesome to all concerned; almost illogical when we realize that only four out of ten children reach the age of six years. Why Nature seems to enjoy slaughtering more than half and torturing the surviving minority we do not comprehend, and therefore I do not wonder that we try to defeat cunning Nature, which spreads sugar on the bitter pill in connecting the highest pleasure with the crude act of sexual union. We enjoy the sugar, but try to escape the pill. Take away the pleasure from the act and no one would perform it as a duty. Therefore the Bible promises heavenly reward for multiplication, and France offers rewards to mothers of many children. It is reasonable for a religious man to follow blindly the command of God to multiply, though it appears to be against his earthly interest, or for the foolish patriot to produce material for the military market; but for a man who is neither blindly religious nor foolishly patriotic, breeding children, good or bad, healthy or crippled, has no sense or logic, and choosing fathers or mothers for the future child is simply a phrase of hypocrisy and absurdity.

Leo Tolstoy, speaking of Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did," remarked that if the author wished to show us how his theory would work out in real life, he should not have killed off the hero so soon. Trouble arises when, of two people, one wishes to be unfaithful while the other is faithful, but if you kill off one of the two you have evaded the problem.

As to the theory that a woman should be free to choose the father of her next child, so as to produce the "best" child she can, Tolstoy said: "If you are talking about breeding horses, well and good. Then we can form a definite idea of what sort of horse we want—clean-cut hoofs, thin legs, wide chest, etc.—but about a child you can have no such definite idea of what you want to produce. Is it to be a Shakespeare, a Pascal, a Plato, or a martyr?"

R. GOODHEART.

To the wearer of blue glasses the entire world is blue; but should he therefore say that his friend's assertion that there are many different colors is "simply a phrase of hypocrisy and absurdity?" The creative instinct is strong in some natures, weak in others. Some little girls and little boys find their greatest happiness in making and dressing dolls; others would think such occupation stupid and uninteresting. To create a beautiful figure where before was a block of marble, even at the cost of months or years of labor, is the highest ideal of happiness of a few. Others find happiness in creating pictures. Sometimes this creative energy is used to gain money; but with the true artist the monetary gain is of slight moment in comparison with the rapture of attaining his ideal—or of striving to attain it. And there are women, I know, and men, too, I believe, who find great happiness in creating a living, breathing statue—a child.

L. H.

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Lucifer, the Lightbearer

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK AT 500 FULTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Terms: one year, \$1; six months, 50 cents; three months, 25 cents.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Eastern Representative, E. C. Walker, 344 W. 143d street, New York.

LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Ideals, Old and New.

"The ascent of life is the ascent of ideals," says a noted writer. The truth of this saying is shown by Darwin in his "Origin of Species" and other works. The order of nature seems to be something like this:

First, discontent with the present, the actual, the factual.

Second, desire for change; out of which desire grows the idea, the ideal, of what that change should bring.

Third, struggle for, effort or labor for, the realization, the practicalization, of that idea, that ideal.

To arouse in the contented mind a feeling of discontent, of dissatisfaction, of disgust with and for the present, and to offer new ideas, better, higher, nobler, truer ideals, is eminently the work of the poet, the novelist, the dreamer of dreams.

Every material advance from the old, the crude, the false, to the newer, the truer, the higher, the better, has been made by taking the dreams of the dreamer, the idealist, and putting them into outward form and shape.

Thus the poet, the novelist, the idealist, the dreamer, becomes the prophet, the pathfinder, the pioneer, the reformer, the evolutionist, the revolutionist—in human society.

Conspicuous among the idealists of the past, the dreamers of the past, are Plato, Rousseau and Sir Thomas More. The word Utopia—meaning "not a place," or Nowhere—was invented by Sir Thomas to represent an ideal state of human society—an island supposed to have been discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, the inhabitants of which "enjoyed the utmost perfection in laws, politics, etc., in contradistinction to the defects of those which existed elsewhere."

Ever since the time of Sir Thomas More the words Utopia and Utopian have been applied to the ideal of those who sought to make radical changes in existing institutions—governmental, economic, industrial or moral.

Prominent among modern dreamers whose ideals have been called Utopian is George D. Herron, commonly known as Professor Herron, because he once held a "professorship" in an Iowa college. Professor Herron has achieved national and international fame as a writer and lecturer on "Socialism," upon which ism, cult or creed he has ideas that may be called revolutionary, including a demand for radical change in the politico-religio-economic institution called marriage.

The most notable episode in the life of this Utopian dreamer is his separation from the wife of his youth and his marriage with Miss Rand, a woman who had been his constant and efficient helper in reform work, and whose mother had supplied the money to endow a professorship of "Applied Christianity"

in an Iowa college on condition that Herron be elected to that office, or "chair."

Of all the public lecturers on Socialism in the United States Doctor Herron (as he is also called) was probably the most eminent and popular until the facts concerning his divorce and remarriage became public property, when a storm of censure, of detraction and abuse was let loose upon him and upon his application of Socialistic ideas, very similar to that to which Charles S. Parnell, the Irish leader, was subjected when the facts of his private life became known to the general public.

Of all the heresies charged against Herron—his "apostasy" from the "religion of his fathers," his renunciation of the popular political creeds, his espousal of revolutionary doctrines in economics and industrialism, his change of views and their practical adoption in regard to the fundamental institution upon which modern society is built—the family—was considered incomparably the most important, most dangerous, most damnable, and hence it is not strange that many of his supporters became lukewarm, became silent or apologetic, if they did not openly censure their once admired and beloved leader.

"THE ONE WOMAN."

Since his remarriage—if it be right to call his co-partnership, his comradeship, with Miss Rand by that name—Professor Herron has spent most of the time in Italy, and the papers and clergy have moderated somewhat the virulence of their attacks upon him; but now a new form of assault seems to have been adopted, that of the novel. A story has been written by Thomas Dixon, Jr., entitled "The One Woman," and published by Doubleday, Page & Co., that will, without reasonable doubt, be more effective against Herronism with the priest-led multitude—the great masses of people who read and hear only one side—than all the sermons from Catholic and Protestant pulpits, than all the elaborated editorials and essays of the popular press, the anti-Socialistic, the capitalistic press.

The story, the parable, the realistic life-picture, drawn largely from the fancy of the writer or speaker, has ever been the most effective method of propagandism, whether for or against any idea or ideal. Socrates, Jesus, Cervantes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Tolstoi, and many others might be cited as instances of the power of the parable, the fictitious yet realistic story.

The use of the cartoon, the picture drawn from life and yet made more effective than life by the cartoonist's art, is another illustration of the same principle. The unlettered rustic, as well as the simple-minded denizen of the great city, can read and understand the cartoon though utterly incapable of reading and understanding a logical argument in ordinary print.

"But who is Thomas Dixon, Jr.?" it will doubtless be asked.

The following, taken from an extended review of his last book in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, will give the readers of Lucifer some idea of the author of this latest criticism upon Socialism as voiced by Professor Herron:

"Thomas Dixon, Jr., has written another novel, 'The One Woman.' Many readers will remember Mr. Dixon as the author of 'The Leopard's Spots,' a recent novel based upon the negro question. It made something of a stir, especially among the critics. A writer in a Southern paper pronounced it 'the only offset to Uncle Tom's Cabin ever written,' while a Chicago critic said: 'It is a splendid human document. The picture stands out like a tracing of fire in a dark night.' At any rate, the author intended to present the Southern view of the negro question, and he unquestionably pleased his Southern readers. Some in the North must also have liked it, for the sales were very large, and still continue.

"In this new story Mr. Dixon—one believes he is a minister

of the gospel—again preaches a sermon. This time his text is Socialism. The publisher's announcement thus sets forth the purpose and scope of the book:

"This new story appeals to a wider audience on the greatest of all subjects for a novel, the power of Love as affected by the movement toward Socialism which marks the new century. * * * In swift, unified, and dramatic action we see Socialism a deadly force, in the hour of the eclipse of Faith destroying the home life and weakening the fibre of Anglo-Saxon manhood. This dream of 'fellowship and solidarity' is shown to be a lapse to the hero, out of which, under Love, the sacredness of marriage was evolved as the basis of civilization."

Quite unexpectedly to myself a few weeks ago I was the recipient of an "autograph" copy of the book "The One Woman," accompanied by a letter which reads thus:

"Elmington Manor, Dixondale, Va., July 29, 1903.

"My Dear Mr. Harman: Knowing your desire to oppose Socialism I mail you to-day an author's copy of my forthcoming novel, 'The One Woman.' I hope that you will like it and assist in its success. Sincerely,

"THOMAS DIXON, JR."

Not finding his name on any of Lucifer's lists, I conclude that Mr. Dixon is a member of the American Press Writers' Association, and that this fact accounts for the interest evidently taken by him in Lucifer and its work.

* * *

Since our limited space will not permit extended reviews of all or many of the new books received from authors and publishers, the next best thing probably is to make a few of these books serve as texts for short sermons; that is, for object lessons to be thrown upon the panorama of life by our Light-bringing mirror Lucifer, carrying out the idea elaborated in recent issues.

In accord with this plan I begin by thanking Mr. Dixon for the book and letter and proceed to reply by saying that he is by no means the only reader of Lucifer who mistakes my attitude toward Socialism. I have often said, and wish it distinctly understood always, that I am a Socialist myself—was born such, educated to be such, and expect to remain a Socialist while life lasts. But while this is true I respectfully decline to be labeled or tagged as a Socialist, for the simple reason that this word does not represent the same idea to any two persons. The same objection holds to the terms Anarchist, Spiritualist, Infidel, Atheist, and a dozen other names that from time to time have been applied to me. While I indorse much that is taught by the people calling themselves by these names I find it impossible to accept any of the creeds or doctrines so labeled without explanations and definitions that cannot be made every time such names are applied to me.

As a case in point, I have heard Professor Herron lecture many times and have read his writings sufficiently to feel sure that his basic principles and ultimate objects are very similar to my own; therefore I regret seeing him and his doctrines misrepresented to the extent that Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., very evidently has done—unintentionally, I hope—in his book, "The One Woman."

But the book is not wholly a misrepresentation of the issues between the old and the new ideals. Treating Brother Dixon as I would wish to be treated I proceed to quote his exact words—that is, the words he puts into the mouths of his leading characters, which characters, we naturally infer, represent his own views, else the views that he thinks are held by those whose doctrines he has written a book to oppose and to destroy.

The leading characters of the story are:

First, Frank Gordon, the Socialist leader, a preacher.

Second, Ruth, "The One Woman," first wife of Frank Gordon.

Third, Mark Overman, banker, friend and college chum of Frank Gordon.

Fourth, Kate Ransom, second wife of Frank Gordon.

Fifth, William Gordon, college professor, orthodox clergyman, father of Frank.

Believing Lucifer's readers to be familiar with the leading facts in the history of Professor Herron, and agreeing with the reviewer in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, that up to the time of Gordon's marriage with Kate Ransom the story is "practically that of Professor Herron," or at least intended to be such, I proceed to introduce one of the chief actors in the drama, Mark Overman, who thus gives law and gospel to his old friend and chum, Frank Gordon:

"This maggot of socialism in your brain is the trouble. It is the mark of mental and moral break-down, the fleeing from self-reliant, individual life to the herd for help. You call it 'brotherhood,' the 'solidarity' of the race. Sentimental mush. It's a stampede back to the animal herd out of which a powerful manhood has been evolved. This idea is destroying your will, your brain, your religion, and will finally sap the moral fiber of your character. It is the greatest delusion that ever bewildered the mind of poet or sentimentalist. You want to put on the brakes. You've struck the down grade. Socialism takes the temper out of the steel fiber of character. It makes a man flabby. It is the ear-mark of racial degeneracy. The man of letters who is poisoned by it never writes another line worth reading; the preacher who tampers with it ends a materialist or an atheist; the philanthropist bitten by it, from just a plain fool, develops a madness, while the home-builder turns free-lover and rake under its teachings."

Overman quotes a number of Socialist writers to prove that their cult would destroy the home-life, the family as we now have it. Among others, this from Grant Allen:

"No man indeed is truly civilized till he can say in all sincerity to every woman of all the women he loves, to every woman of all the women who love him: 'Give me what you can of your love and yourself; but never strive for my sake to deny any love, to strangle any impulse that pants for breath within you. Give me what you can while you can, without grudging, but the moment you feel you love me no more, don't do injustice to your own prospective children by giving them a father whom you no longer respect, or admire, or yearn for.' When men and women can both alike say this the world will be civilized. Until they can say it truly, the world will be as now, a jarring battle-field of monopolist instincts."

My plan at the outset was to withhold my comments until I had fairly presented the views of the author of "The One Woman," but seeing that it will be impossible to do him justice within the space allowed in one issue, I would just say here that to my limited comprehension Grant Allen's view is the only rational ground to take in this vastly important matter. To compel an unwilling partner of the nuptial contract to continue this relation and bring children into the world against the protest of one of the parents seems to me nothing less than a crime against nature, a crime against the child and against the best interests of the human race as a whole.

Then Overman quotes this from "frousy-headed Karl Pearson:"

"In a Socialist form of government the sex relation would vary according to the feelings and wants of individuals."

I would like to ask Brother Dixon what he sees in this very mild utterance that could cause his hair to bleach with horror!

Commenting on these and other Socialist writers, Overman says to Gordon:

"Observe in all these long-haired philosophers how closely the idea of private property is linked with the family. That is why the moment you attack private property in your pulpit your wife knows instinctively that you are attacking the basis of her

life and home. Private property had its origin in the family. The family is the source of all monopolistic instincts and your reign of moonshine brotherhood can never be brought to pass until you destroy monogamic marriage."

Certainly the author of "The One Woman" is to be congratulated for his courage. Not many defenders of law-enforced monogamy—as the only basis of the family, as well as the only standard of sex morality, sex purity or chastity—would admit, I opine, that "the family is the source of all monopolistic instincts;" and yet all close observers will agree with him in this opinion, if I mistake not.

Again I ask the forbearance of our readers. The subject of correct ideals is one of such far-reaching importance that it is simply impossible to do it justice in one issue of Lucifer, even though the paper should contain nothing else, and therefore I ask that this week's issue be preserved so that what I wish to say on this text may be read in connection with what has already been said.

M. HARMAN.

Another Press Writer Heard From.

"Lucifer, the Lightbearer," is the somewhat unusual title of a little magazine published every week at 500 Fulton street, Chicago, by M. Harman, sample copies of which have occasionally found their way to our desk, presumably by virtue of our connection with the American Press Writers' Association, an organization made of writers from all over America who are searching for Truth in various directions, and who dare to disclose the facts as they find them. "The name, Lucifer, means light-bringing or light-bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege," and we wish everybody interested in so noble a stand would send for a sample copy, at least. We believe Lucifer is on the right track.—DeSoto (Wis.) Argus.

Thanking Brother Byron Copper for his fraternal notice of Lucifer, I wish to call attention to the work now being done by the American Press Writers' Association, and would recommend every reader of Lucifer to write to A. C. Armstrong, 17 LeRoy street, Dorchester, Mass., manager of this association, and get documents showing the objects and methods thereof, and if possible send 25 cents for a yearly subscription to the Boston Press Writer, the organ of the association, published at the same address. I know of no organization or association of reform workers now in existence that is doing so much for freedom of speech and of press, and for human advancement generally, as is now being done by the American Press Writers' Association.

M. H.

Dragged Down by Maternity.

"Because she had children so fast."

Such is the plain, unvarnished declaration of her neighbors when asked why Mrs. Ollie Stockard killed herself. Married at 17, she was the mother of six children at 28. There was nothing in sight for her except further accumulation of suffering and drudgery, and, weakened mentally and physically by the drain on her vitality, her mind gave way and she fired a bullet into her brain.

Six little children are left motherless, in the care of a penniless father, by this tragedy. The youngest is a baby only six weeks old, and the oldest is a girl of 9. The others range between these ages with intervals of little more than a year.

Ever since the birth of the last child Mrs. Stockard had been subject to illusions. She became deeply religious, and at times was hysterical. One of her fancies was that something terrible would happen if her husband went down town to work and left her at home. She continually begged him to remain with her, and until the day of the tragedy he had never gone away. But he must work. His large family had kept him very poor, and six weeks of idleness had made it necessary for him to return to his work as expressman.—Denver Post.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Mrs. J. E. R., New Orleans, La.: "The Wholesome Woman" is received. I wish every woman had a copy and would heed it as it merits. It is entertaining as well as instructive. Mr. R. says he enjoys your editorials more than any other that he reads, so please continue to send the paper.

C. J. Zeltinger, Zeltonia, Mo.: For the benefit of all Lucifer friends whom I had the pleasure of meeting and all others who are interested in and may have heard of this central location for a modern settlement of the highest type, I want to say to you I am preparing a write-up or confidential prospectus which will convey an accurate description of conditions and my plan of procedure. Having promised different ones something along this line, I write this to explain away the long silence, since my return from Chicago, as I cannot write each one.

Albina L. Washburn, San Diego, Cal.: Herewith find copies of my little paper, Co-operative Exchange. This is the first time I have materialized in this form, though for seventeen years I have been preaching co-operative exchange in parlors, kitchens, halls, shoe shops, carpenter shops and offices as well as on street corners, always privately and conversationally. As hope springs eternal in the human breast, I am still at it, with undaunted faith that finally people will begin to do as they profess to believe is the best way to do. It is simply the bread and butter question for each other after righteousness (rightness), which we must first seek.

The Carlyle Revelations.

In the recent revelations made concerning the Carlyle family much dirty linen has been publicly washed, not without protest on the part of the Puritan press. The idea that the world should imagine for one moment that Thomas Carlyle's shirt went to wash once a week or oftener is repellent to our Grub street scribes, who fancy that Rameses II lived, moved and had his physical being wrapped in the hundred yards of cotton sheeting which now encircle his mummified remains.

The greater part of the Carlyle revelations are tediously and piteously unnecessary. Let us know the facts certainly, and if Janet Carlyle wrote diaries for publication and Thomas Carlyle desired, as I believe he desired, his portrait to appear, "warts and all," nothing but wholesome knowledge can result from sane people calmly considering the facts and scientifically classifying them. Only by a large accumulation of experiences can we rear a well-built theory, capable of standing against logical attack and argumentative storm. But the Carlyle facts have been well known ever since Froude gave his four volumes of candid biography to the world. His veracity has never been seriously undermined in regard to the matter at issue, and his literary enemies have been silenced for many years. Carlyle's niece and a well-known English physician have recently reopened the subject; they have been joined by a virulent Catholic essayist of unscrupulous habits; they have perpetrated the meanest outrages on the memory of a man who wrote on a delicate subject, well knowing he could gain nothing and lose much by his devotion to truth; and Froude's voice is silent in the grave.

The Froude family, it is true, has retaliated by printing a manuscript Froude had left, apparently only for publication in case his executors thought necessary in the interest of truth. The new Froude volume contains also a long letter from Froude's co-trustees, Sir James Stephen, showing that Carlyle's memoirs were undoubtedly left in Froude's hands and that their publication was undoubtedly left to Froude's discretion. But beyond this nothing new is proved, and the public must decide for itself whether Froude was justified in the use he made of the discretion he possessed. Froude was, in my opinion, a brave pioneer to publish the facts as he did, and nothing seems clearer from the evidence than that his motive was as disinterested; sincere and well conceived as it was audacious and defiant of the storm he knew he was inviting.

GEORGE BEDBOROUGH.

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